COMUS.

A MASQUE.

As it is performed at the

THEATRES ROYAL in DRURY LANE and COVENT GARDEN.

Composed by

Dr. ARNE,

for the

VOICE, HARPSICHORD, AND VIOLIN.

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ORIGINAL DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

COMUS, and 2d ATTENDANT SPIRIT	MR. BEARD.
EUPHROSYNE	MRS. CLIVE.
LADY, and PASTORAL NYMPH	MRS. ARNE.

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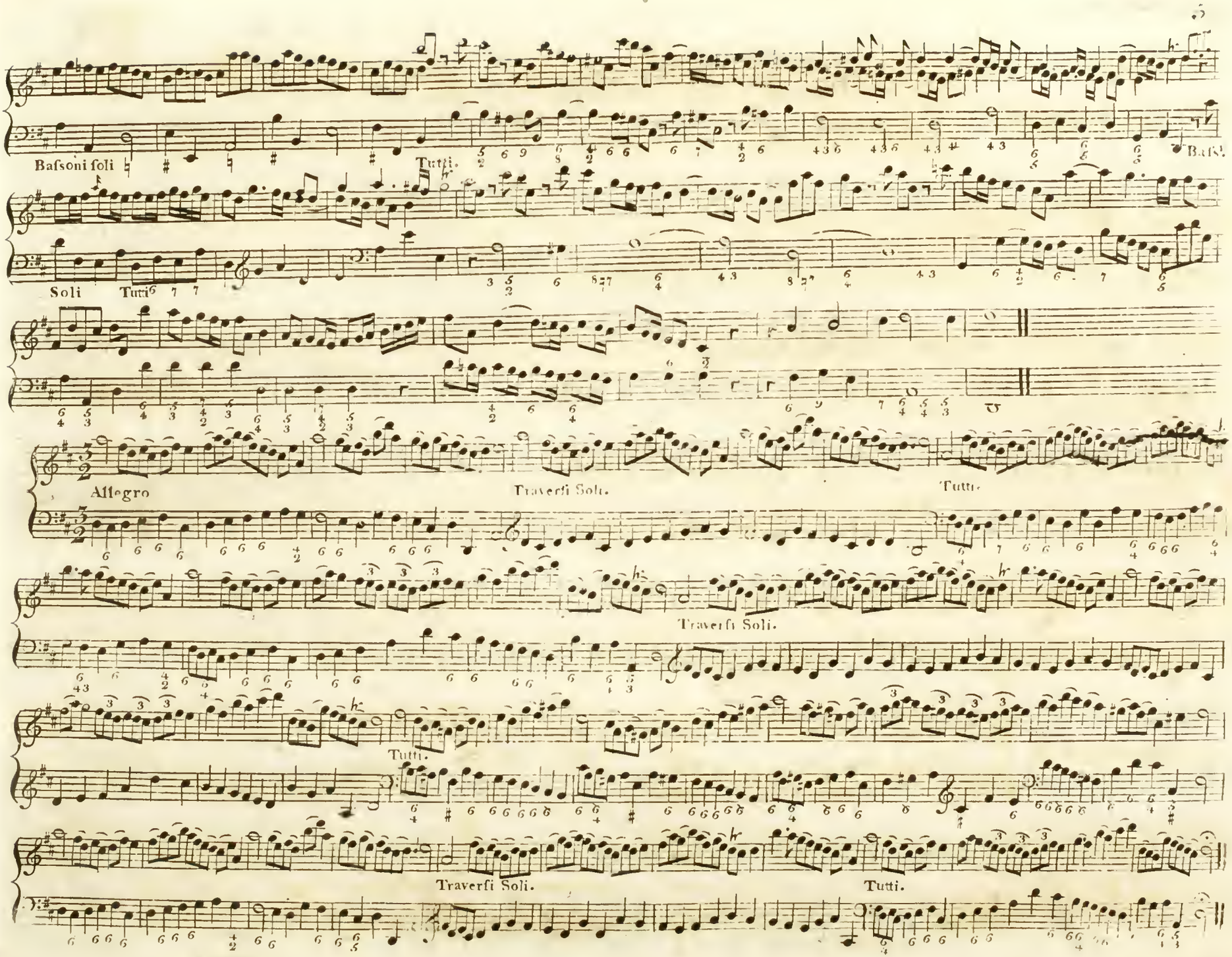
Overture

Largo

Allegro

Bassi soli. Tutti.

Tutti.


Baſsoni ſoli
Tutti.
Baſs.
Soli
Tutti
Allegro
Traverſi Soli.
Tutti.
Traverſi Soli.
Tutti.
Traverſi Soli.
Tutti.

AIR. MR BEARD

COMUS.

All?

Now Phœbus finketh in the weſt, Welcome ſong and welcome jeſt, Midnight ſhout & revelry, Tipſy dance & jolli-ty. Midnight ſhout & revel-ry, Tipſy dance & jol-li-ty.

Sy.

Now Phœbus finketh in the weſt, Welcome ſong and welcome jeſt, Midnight ſhout and revelry, Tip-ſy dance & jollity.

Sy.

Braid your locks with ro-ſy twine, Dropping odours dropping wine; Braid your locks with ro-ſy twine, Dropping odours dropping wine, Dropping odours dropping wine, Dropping odours

And?

dropping wine.

All?

Sy.

And?

Rigour now is gone to bed, And advice with ſcrupulous head, Strict Age & ſour Se-verity, With their grave ſaws in ſlumber lie,

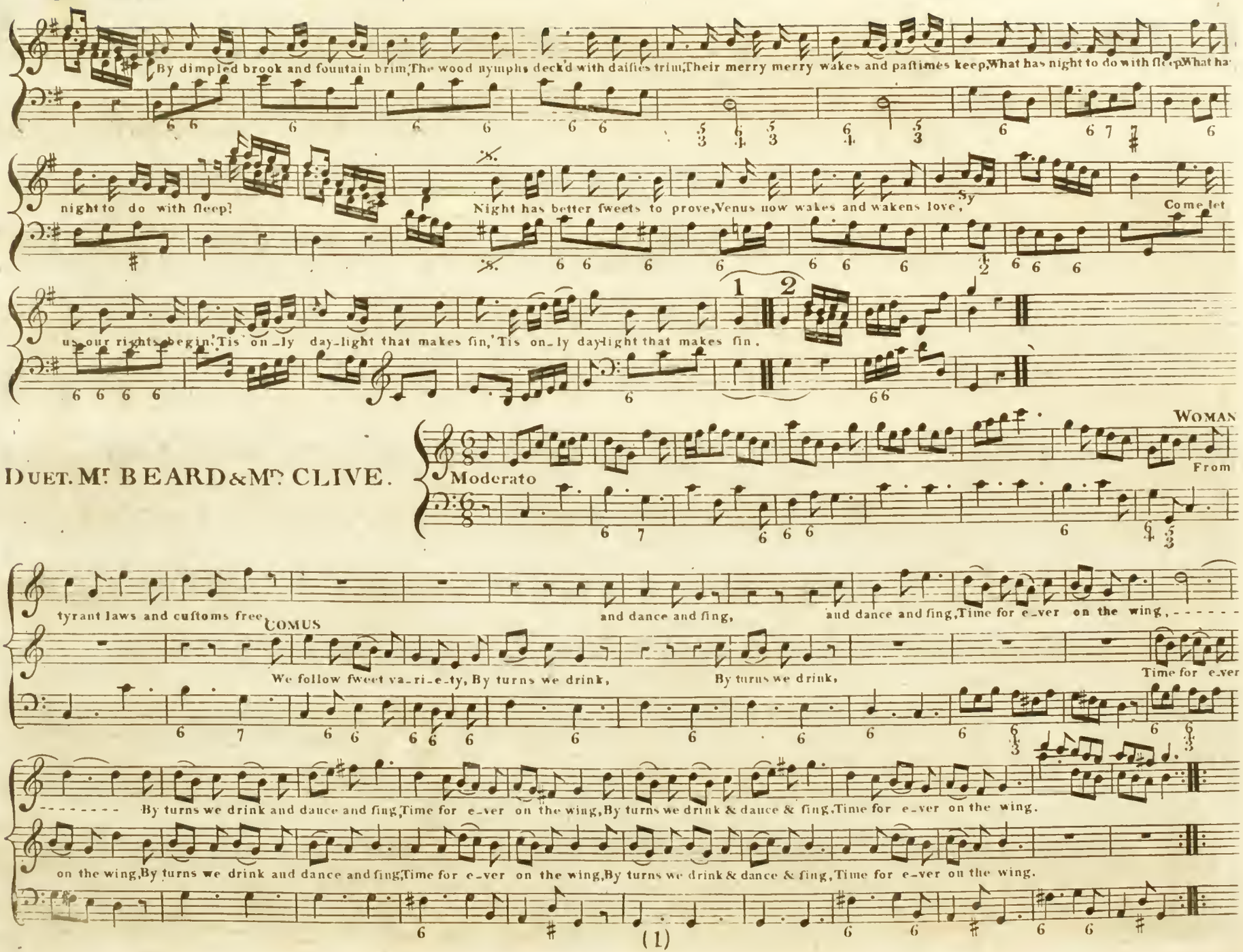
AIR. MRS CLIVE

WOMAN.

And?

By dimpled brook and fountain brim, The wood Nymphs deck'd with daiſies trim, Their merry merry wakes and paſtimes keep, What has night to do with ſleep? What has night to do with ſleep?

Sy.


By dimpled brook and fountain brim, The wood nymphs deck'd with daisies trim, Their merry merry wakes and pastimes keep, What has night to do with sleep, What ha
night to do with sleep?
Night has better sweets to prove, Venus now wakes and wakens love,
Sy
Come let
us our rights begin, 'Tis on ly day-light that makes sin, 'Tis on ly day-light that makes sin.
1
2
DUET. Mr BEARD & Mrs CLIVE.
Moderato
WOMAN
From
tyrant laws and customs free,
COMUS
and dance and sing,
and dance and sing, Time for e ver on the wing,
We follow sweet va ri e ty, By turns we drink,
By turns we drink,
Time for e ver
By turns we drink and dance and sing, Time for e ver on the wing, By turns we drink & dance & sing, Time for e ver on the wing.
on the wing, By turns we drink and dance and sing, Time for e ver on the wing, By turns we drink & dance & sing, Time for e ver on the wing.

No dull ſtinting hours we own, Pleaſure counts our time a-lone,

Why ſhould niggard rules controul, Tranſports of the jovial ſoul?

Pleaſure counts our time a-lone,

No dull ſtinting hour we own, No dull

Why ſhould niggard rules controul, Tranſports of the jovial ſoul?

No dull ſtinting hour we own, No dull

ſtinting hour we own, Pleaſure counts our time a-lone, Pleaſure counts our time alone, No dull ſtinting hour we own, Pleaſure counts our

ſtinting hour we own, Pleaſure counts our time a-lone, Pleaſure counts our time alone, No dull ſtinting hour we own, Pleaſure counts our

time alone, Pleaſure counts our time a-lone.

time alone, Pleaſure counts our time a-lone.

AIR. Mr. BEARD.

Tempo di Gavotta

MAN.

By the gay-ly circling glaſs

We can fee how minutes paſs, By the hollow caſk are told, How the waining night grows old, How the waining night grows old.

Soon, too ſoon the bu - ſy day, Drives us from our ſports a - way, What have we with day to do?

Sons of care, 'twas made for you, Sons of care, 'twas made for you.

HANDEL.

AIR Mr BEARD.

COMUS.

Come, and trip it as you go,

Come, and trip it as you go, On the light fantaſtick toe, trip it, trip it, Come, & trip it as you go - - - - - - - -

- - - - - - - - On the light fantaſtick toe,

Come & trip it as you go, trip it, trip it, trip it, trip it,

On the light fantaſtick toe, - - - - - - - - - - - - - Come, Come, come, come & trip it as you go, on the light fantaſtick toe, on the light fantaſtick toe.

AIR. MRS ARNE.

Behind the Scenes.

LADY. Sy.P. Sy.P. P.

Sweet Echo, sweet-eſt nymph, that liv'ſt unſeen Within thy airy cell,

By flow Me-an-der's mar - - - gin green, And in the vio-let embroider'd val-

Where the love lorn nightingale Nightly to thee her ſad ſong mourn - - eth well, - - -

Can'ſt thou not tell me not tell me of a gentle pair, - - - - That likeſt thy Nar-ciſ-ſus Nar-

ciſ - - ſus are? Oh, if thou haſt hid them in ſome flow'ry cave, Tell me but where, Tell me but where, -

Allegro

Sweet queen of parly, daughter of - the ſphere; So may'ſt thou be tranſlated to the ſkies, Sy.

So may'ſt thou be tranſla-ted to the ſkies, Sy. And give refounding grace And give refound-ing grace

all heavn's har-mo-nies, And give refounding grace, refounding grace, refounding grace, refounding

Ad°

grace, to all heavn's har-mo-nies.

MAN.

AIR. Mr BEARD.

Allegro

Fly swiftly ye minutes till Comus re-ceive; The

nameless sort transports that beauty can give.

The bowls frolick joy let him teach her to prove, And she in return yield the

Sy

raptures of love,

And she in return yield the raptures of love;

Sy

Without love and wine, wit and

beauty are vain, Pow'r & grandeur in-fi-pid, and riches a pain,

Sy

The most splendid palace grows dark as the grave, grows dark as the grave!

Love & wine give ye gods, or take back what ye gave, Love & wine give ye gods, or take back what ye gave, or take back what ye gave!

AIR, Mrs CLIVE.

Fame's an echo, prattling double, An empty, airy,

glitt'ring bubble; A breath can swell, a breath can sink it. The wife not worth their keeping think it. Why then, why such toil & pain,

Fame's uncertain smiles to gain! Like her sister fortune blind, To the best she's oft unkind, And the worst her

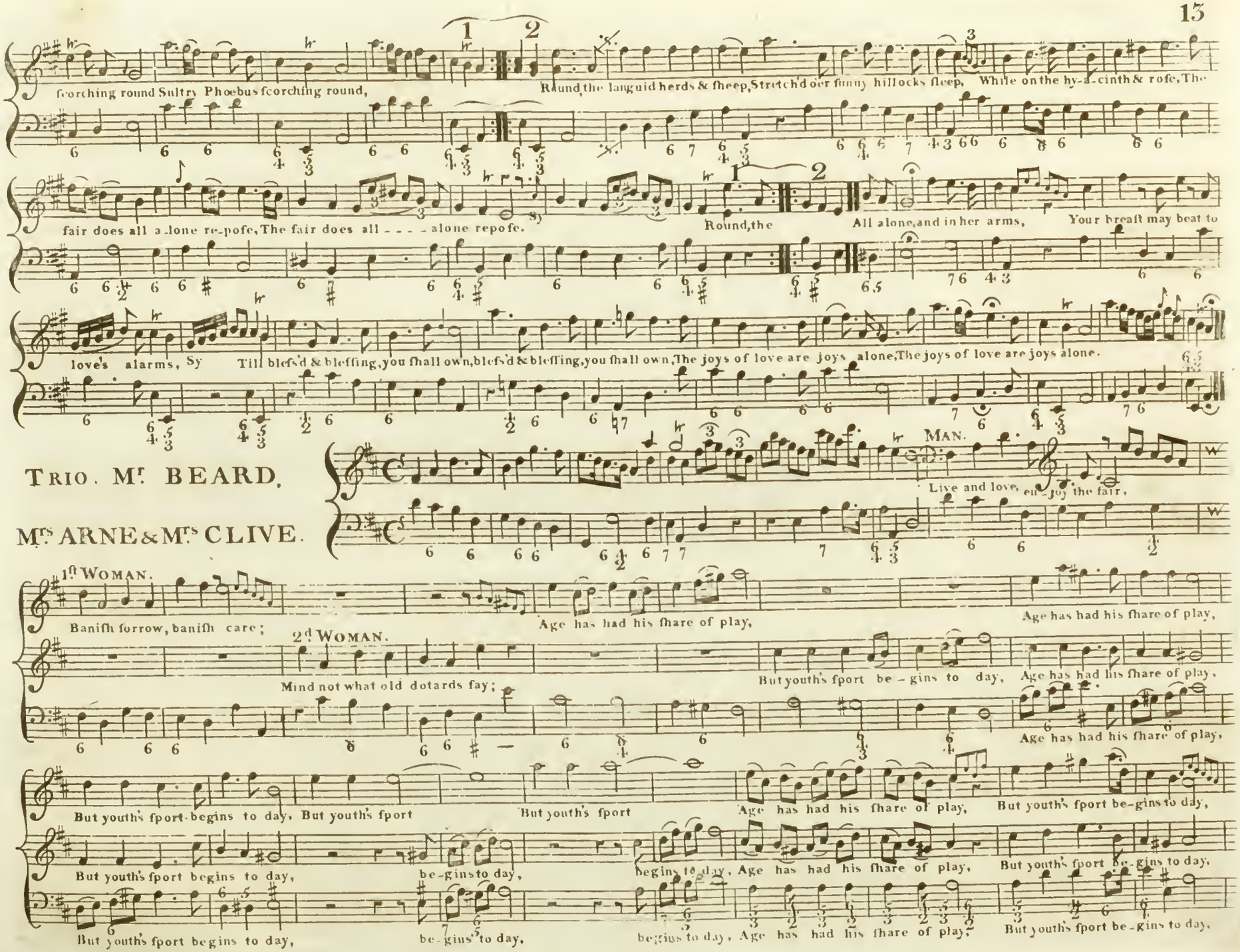
favour find, And the worst her favour find, And the worst her favour find.

AIR, Mrs ARNE.

Would you taste the noon-tide

air, To yon fragrant bow'r repair, Where, woven with the poplar bough, The mantling vine will shelter you, The mantling vine -- will shelter you.

Down each side a fountain flows, Tinkling, murm'ring, as -- it goes, Lightly o'er the mossy ground, Lightly o'er the mossy ground, Sultry Phoebus


fcorching round Sultry Phœbus fcorching round,
Round, the languid herds & fheep, Stretch'd oer funny hillocks fleep,
While on the hy-a-cinth & rofe, The
fair does all a-lone re-pofe, The fair does all - - - - alone repofe.
Round, the
All alone, and in her arms,
Your breaft may beat to
love's alarms, Sy
Till blefs'd & blefſing, you fhall own, blefs'd & blefſing, you fhall own, The joys of love are joys alone, The joys of love are joys alone.
TRIO. Mr BEARD,
Mrs ARNE & Mrs CLIVE.
MAN.
Live and love, en-joy the fair.
1st WOMAN.
Baniſh ſorrow, baniſh care;
Age has had his fhare of play,
Age has had his fhare of play,
2d WOMAN.
Mind not what old dotards fay;
But youth's fport be-gins to day, Age has had his fhare of play,
Age has had his fhare of play,
But youth's fport-begins to day, But youth's fport
But youth's fport
Age has had his fhare of play,
But youth's fport be-gins to day,
But youth's fport begins to day,
be-gins to day,
begins to day, Age has had his fhare of play,
But youth's fport be-gins to day,
But youth's fport begins to day,
be-gins to day,
begins to day, Age has had his fhare of play,
But youth's fport be-gins to day,

MAN.

From the fruits of ſweet delight,

1st WOMAN.

Here in pleaſure's vineyard we,

Why ſhould ſcare-crow virtue fright.

Rove like birds, from tree to tree, Careleſs, ai-ry, gay and free,

Care-leſs, ai--ry, gay and free,

2d WOMAN.

Rove like birds, from tree to tree,

MAN.

Careleſs, ai-ry, gay and free,

2d WOMAN.

Care-leſs, ai--ry, gay and free,

Careleſs, ai-ry, gay and free,

Rove, like birds, from tree to tree,

Careleſs, ai-ry, gay and free, Careleſs, ai-ry, gay and free.

MAN.

Careleſs, ai-ry, gay and free, Here in pleaſure's vineyard we

Careleſs, ai-ry, gay and free, Careleſs, ai-ry, gay and free.

Careleſs, ai-ry, gay and free,

Careleſs, ai-ry, gay and free.

Here in pleaſure's vineyard we Rove, like birds, from tree to tree,

Careleſs, ai-ry, gay and free, Careleſs, ai-ry, gay and free.

Here in pleaſure's vineyard we Rove, like birds, from tree to tree,

Careleſs, ai-ry, gay and free, Careleſs, ai-ry, gay and free.

Here in pleaſure's vineyard we Rove, like birds, from tree to tree,

Careleſs, ai-ry, gay and free.

EUPHROSYNE.

AIR. MRS CLIVE.

Con Spirito

Come, come, bid adieu to fear,

Love and harmony live here. Sy. No domeſtick jealous jars, Buzzing ſlanders, wordy wars, In my preſence will appear; Love and harmony

reign here. Sighs to am'rous ſighs returning, Pulſes beating, boſoms burning, Sy Boſoms with warm wiſhes panting, Words to ſpeak the

wiſhes wanting, Are the only tumults here, All the woes you need to fear, Love and harmony Love and harmony reign here.

PASTORAL NYMPH.

AIR. MRS ARNE.

Largo

How gentle was my Damon's air, Like ſunny beams his golden hair, His voice was like the

nightingale's, More ſweet his breath than flow'ry vales. How hard ſuch beauties to reſign! And yet that cruel talk is mine. Amoroſo

On ev'ry hill, in ev'ry grove, A long the margin of each ſtream, Dear conſcious ſcenes of former love I mourn, and Damon is my theme

The hills, the groves, the ſtreams remain, But Damon there I ſeek in vain, The hills, the groves, the ſtreams remain, But Damon there I ſeek in vain.

From hill, from dale, each charm is fled, Groves, flocks and fountains pleaſe no more, Each flow'r in pity droops its

head, All nature does my loſs deplore, All, all reproach the faithleſs ſwain, Yet Damon ſtill I ſeek in vain, All, all reproach the faithleſs ſwain, Yet Damon ſtill I ſeek in vain.

AIR. MRS CLIVE.

Allegro

The wanton god who pierces hearts,
Dips in gall his pointed darts, But the nymph diſdains to pine, Who bathes the wound with roſy wine, roſy wine, roſy wine, Who bathes the wound with roſy wine.

Farewell, Farewell lovers when they're cloy'd, If I am fond 'cauſe enjoy'd, Sure the ſqueamiſh fops are free, To rid me of dull

company, Sure they're free, Sure they're free To rid me of dull company.

They have their charms, while mine can pleaſe,
I love them much, but more my eaſe,
Jealous fears me ne'er moleſt,
Nor faithleſs vows ſhall break my reſt.
Why ſhould they e'er give me pain,
Who to give me joy diſdain?
All I aſk of mortal man,
Is but to love me while he can.

AIR. Mr BEARD.

Nor on beds of fad_ing

flow'rs, fhedding ſoon their gaudy pride, Nor with ſwains in fyren bow'rs, Will true pleaſure, Will true pleaſure long re

_ſide. On awful virtues hill ſublime, Enthroned ſits th'immortal fair; Who wins her height, muſt patient climb; The ſteps are

peril, toil and care, So from the firſt did Jove ordain, Eternal bliſs for tranſient pain, Eternal bliſs for tranſient pain.

Ad°

Eternal bliſs for tranſient pain. Tempo Primo

AIR. Mrs CLIVE.

Preſto

Preach not

me your muſ_ty rules, Ye drones that mould in i_dle cell; The heart is wiſer than the ſchools, The ſenſes al_ways reaſon well.

If ſhort my ſpan, I leſs can ſpare To paſs a ſin_gle pleaſure by;
An hour is long, if loſt in care; They on_ly
live They on_ly live They on_ly live who life en_joy.

AIR, Mrs CLIVE.

Allegro ma non troppo
Ye fauns & ye dryads,
From hill, dale & grove.
Trip,

Piu Allegro
trip it a_long conducted by love,
Swiftly re_fort to Comus' gay court, And in various meaſure ſhew love's various ſport,
Now lighter &
gayer ye tinkling ſtrings ſound, Light, light, in the air ye nimble nymphs bound, Now, now with quick feet the ground beat, beat, beat, Now, now with quick feet, the ground beat, beat, beat,
A
_gain with quick feet, the ground beat, beat, beat,
Now cold & denying,
Now kind & complying,
conſenting, repenting, diſdaining, com
_plaining, indifference now feigning,
Again with quick feet, the ground beat, beat, beat, Again with quick feet, the ground beat, beat, beat.
Again w quick feet, the ground beat, beat, beat.

FINIS.